

The Ratchiffles
a Saga

by Elizabeth Sturge 1931

THE RATCLIFF ALLENS

A SAGA

The Clan of Allen must have been very large for the name is widely met with among groups of people who are apparently quite unconnected.

The family from whom we come is of north country extraction. Its origin is obscure, but records which go back nearly to the reign of James I. show that a William Allen - or Allin - for the name is spelt indifferently in both ways - lived at that time in a small Yorkshire village called Thorpe Salvin. He was not, we are told, a native of the place, but he married a young woman of the neighbourhood named Alice Barlow, settled down there and there brought up his family. His calling in life is not mentioned, but as the two sons who survived are described, respectively, as "mason" and "labourer", it seems likely that their father made his living in some similar way.

My brother, the late Clement Young Sturge took a good deal of pains to find out what could be learned about the family on the spot, and at his death left a sum of money to be used for filling a window in the Chancel of the beautiful little Norman Church with stained glass, in memory of these

forgotten ancestors. He directed that the subjects chosen should illustrate honest toil in one or another of its many forms. It was a labour of love for those, on whom the duty devolved, to choose suitable designs from pictures by the old Masters.

Panels representing the Shepherds watching their flocks by night, the husbandman at his daily task, and the miraculous draught of fishes, suggest the various forms of outdoor labour on which we depend for food and clothing: while others depict necessary handicrafts like those of the mason and weaver. In one may be seen St. Paul working at his trade of tent making; another one shows us Christ in the Carpenter's shop. The whole may be said fitly to illustrate the beauty and dignity of manual work.

We do not know much about any of these early Allens; probably they were hard-headed Yorkshiremen, industrious and shrewd and not without a vein of north-country humour.

William and Alice Allen had several children of whom Thomas and Edward survived childhood and a daughter Elizabeth. It is from Thomas (b.1668) the "mason" that we are descended; but we know nothing about him except that in 1693 or 4 he married Elizabeth - (surname unknown). Our acquaintance with the family may be said to begin with their son John (born in 1696), for he married another Elizabeth named

William Allen
of
Thorpe Salvin

Wildemith and it is this Wildemith marriage which supplies a clue to the circumstances which led his children to leave the old home and settle in London. The Wildemiths were a Roman Catholic family, also of Thorpe Salvin who had intermarried with the Allens in a former generation: probably they were of similar social standing: but they must have been people of some enterprise for one of them - probably a brother of Elizabeth - removed to London and carried on a Brewery of some repute at Westminster. This offered advantageous openings for country connexions of which evidently they were not slow to avail themselves for John's son William went to London and entered his relative's Brewery. In this way he learned the business, so that he was able to start on his own account while quite a young man.

Although he had married a Roman Catholic John Allen seems to have remained a protestant and to have brought up his children in the Church of England, for their names duly appear in the baptismal register of Thorpe Salvin Church. A curious tradition recorded by his great grandson William Allen of Dorking confirms this.

"Poor Aunt Prior", he said "was very weakly and it was thought she might die in the night in which she first saw the light and so poor John (or Jack) had to saddle his ass at midnight, and fetch the parson to baptise her. But the good man was in bed and refused to get up: at which Jack waxed

John Allen
of
Thorpe Salvin

wroth and threatened to fetch the priest from the Hall (the residence of the Duke of Norfolk) to 'fetish' her, and so to make a Papist of her. The appeal roused the parson and he did the needful."

This incident gives us a glimpse of the character of John. He was evidently a man of a lively rather peppery temperament, who knew his own mind and how to get what he wanted. It is all we should ever have heard of him were it not for a fragment of a journal kept by a grandson, a later John Allen, in 1777. He (the younger John) tells of a journey which was undertaken by his father (William) and Step mother from their home at Wapping, in June of that year, to visit the aged parents in Yorkshire who, he says, "are not likely to live long." They travelled in a one-horse chaise which he (the younger John) had spent much time in putting in order, cleaning the harness and seeing that all was taut and fit for the rough roads to be encountered. It was a great event, and there was a gathering of interested relations to witness the grand departure and give them a good send off.

Six days later came a letter reporting their safe arrival at Worksop: "Grandfather", the travellers report - "was as well as could be expected (he was 81), but had almost lost his sight. Mother was "in as good health as the last time she was with them". This shows that notwithstanding the difficulties of distance, family feeling was strong, so that

from time to time they managed to meet. It must have been nearly the last visit, for two years later both the old people died.

William Allen, the son of the above mentioned John or Jack Allen and father of the diarist was born at Thorpe Salvin in 1750 and, as I have said, when quite a youth went to London and entered the Wildsmith's Brewery. It must have been about the year 1750 that one day when walking in the Strand he met a young woman named Ann Birkhead who handed him a note of invitation to a public meeting of Friends. He attended the meeting and this proved the turning point in his life, for his association with that body of kindly folk ended not only in his joining the Society of Friends, but in his following up the acquaintance with the young Quakeress and their marriage two years later (1752).

On his first setting up for himself in London, William's sister Elizabeth, then a girl of 19 or 20, left home and went to keep house for him. It must have been an agreeable change for a country lass fresh from a quiet Yorkshire village. Elizabeth - afterwards known as "Aunt Prior" - was the baby whose baptism, when she was a few hours old, was the cause of so much perturbation. A not very pleasing story is told by my mother, in her little book, "Family Records", of her conduct when her brother was about to marry. Weddings, according to

Quaker usage, were illegal at that time, so, as Friends refused to be married in Church, everything possible was done to secure publicity and good order. The contracting parties had to appear at the monthly Meeting and personally announce their intentions. Careful enquiries were then instituted as to consent of parents and their clearness from other marriage engagements, and only when satisfactory assurances had been received on these points that leave was given to proceed. Accordingly William wrote to his father asking for a formal note of approval. Time passed on and as no answer was forthcoming, he wrote again. His father replied that he had already sent the desired certificate. William then asked his sister whether she knew anything about it, upon which she reluctantly produced it from her pocket. Unwilling to lose her comfortable post she had kept it back as long as she could.

Clearly Elizabeth was not an amiable young woman. If tradition tells truly, she was a "regular old-fashioned scold". She must however have had another side to her character and some personal attractions, for later on she followed her brother's example and joined the Society of Friends, and in middle life she married a Friend named Pryor. Of Uncle Pryor we know nothing at all; perhaps he did not live very long; but we meet with "Aunt Pryor" in John Allen's journal as the kindly Aunt who welcomes a hungry nephew to her house at Lambeth

and treats him to slices of ham and beer, in return for which he adds up her accounts and does odd jobs. "Aunt Pryor" figures too many years afterwards, in letters written by John's widow and daughter. She lived to be ninety and was the object of their constant care and solicitude.

John Allen, the elder, and Elizabeth (Wildsmith) had two younger children, beside William and Elizabeth. Susannah (b.1734) and Job (b.1736). Of Job and his descendants I shall have something to say later on. Susannah married Francis Clayton of Chiswick. Their son Hollis, who joined the Society of Friends, left many descendants of whom one, the late Alderman Francis C. Clayton, was a well-known and honoured citizen of Birmingham.

But I must go back to the ancestor of our branch of the family, the elder son, William, who became a brewer in London.

William must have been an able energetic young man to be able to marry and start for himself when he was only twenty-two. We know nothing of the years that followed his marriage, except that three children were born: Priscilla (b.1753), Ann (b.1755), and my Great Grandfather John (b.1757). The young Mother died two years after the birth of her little boy and when next we meet with William, it is his second wife, Mary Kendall, whom he married in the following year, who is the busy head of his large household. She seems to have been a

kind and affectionate stepmother, and is always referred to by John in his journal as "Mother" or "Mere".

The accidental preservation of this fragment of John's diary, which was written when he was a youth of nineteen, furnishes us with a vivid picture of the family life; although it only covers a period of six months - from February to July 1777. It is like drawing aside a curtain and having revealed to us the daily doings of a middle class Quaker family in the first half of the reign of George III. One is able to follow the interests and occupations of the young people until one feels as if one knew them all personally. Then the curtain abruptly drops and they vanish into the darkness of oblivion.

The family lived in Betts Street, an obscure east end quarter, now difficult to identify, near the Brewery of which William Allen was the Manager, his son John working under him almost like one of the hired workmen, but diligently learning (notwithstanding some occasional friction) to be proficient in all departments and qualifying to be its future head.

The dwellinghouse must have been large and comfortable, for not only was there room for the family, but for frequent visitors, as well as for three girls who seem to have been adopted by the Allens, as they lived there on the footing of daughters. Who these girls were and what their relationship was does not appear, nor do we know what became of them. They were probably the orphan daughters of some near relation whom

William Allen with true Christian kindness had adopted. John lived in the midst of this bevy of girls and their friends, and gives a graphic account of the lively times they enjoyed in the intervals of his work. The three sisters bore the romantic names of Constantia, Nesta and Delia. The two last were still mere schoolgirls; but Constantia was older and we have an amusing account of her vacillations when it had been settled that she should accompany her sister Lavinia who was returning to her home at Newcastle on Tyne and had invited Constantia to pay her a visit.

"4 mo. 18. Dorothy Wiggan and Ann King was to set sail today for Newcastle in the "Mary". Lavinia goes with them and Constantia being invited by her to Newcastle and having consent of parties concerned, agrees to venture the seas in company with them. I attended them to Saml. Robinson's on the water side and he conducted us in his boat to the ship ... We found the cabin a very spacious and commodious one, but the vessel did not sail so soon as was appointed. Lavinia then returned on shore with us to wait with Constantia till all things were ready for sailing ... It proved a dull evening and winds contrary, so they returned home, being previously informed the ship would not sail till next day at noon.

19th. A fine morning, Constantia, being discouraged at the proceedings of yesterday gave over all intentions of going with

Levinia to the north, and having just received a request from a friend at Newcastle to buy a few particulars for her, they accordingly departed as soon as breakfast was over to Smithfield to execute the commission, thinking they would be returned before ye ship weighed anchor. They had not left the house long before W. Robinson came to inform them the ship was going down the river: nothing was left for me to do but to pursue after them as fast as I could, which I did, but did not overtake them till they had got to Smithfield and had bought what they wanted. They directly left the house and I waited till the parcel was bundled up, and then pursued them back again, ^{up} came with them in Newgate Street, took coach in Cheapside to make more speed which brought us to S. Robinson's. We then put Levinia's baggage in, as Constantia had determined not to go. After a little time we came up with the ship and all got in. The agreeable company and commodiousness of the cabin caused Constantia again to change her mind, and I, being informed of it asked the Captain if it was possible I could again overtake them if I went back for her baggage. He told me he thought I could with a pair of oars reach them about Greenwich. I immediately went back in the same boat, hired oars and a fresh boat and followed with the said baggage and they was sailed very near as low as Greenwich before I could board them again; so that after I had delivered up all my charges I left them in good spirits and wishing them a safe passage and a short one. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon returned home to dinner."

For several days following their departure John reports the wind as "high" and "boisterous" so that we are not surprised to read about a month later, when Constantia returned, that she came back by coach. Next time she had had enough of the sea. The journey by road took about two days, he tells us.

We see from the foregoing extracts that John was a good-natured youth willing to humour the capricious fancies of a girl who did not know her own mind. It is a pity that we know nothing of her later history.

The family of his uncle Job lived not far off and added not a little to the gaiety of the circle. A young cousin of Job Allen's wife named Martha Stafford was staying with them at that time, with whom John promptly fell in love. He makes frequent reference to the delightful "Patty" whom he sometimes had to escort back to Uncle Job's when she had stayed too long and whom it was such a pleasure to see sitting in the opposite gallery when they all went to meeting! While John's parents went north to see the old grandparents, Patty stayed with the Manning family and John records with boyish gusto the tricks which the young people played upon each other. "No wonder" remarks my brother Clement, who edited the diary, that kindly uncles looked in from time to time "to see how we fared." John, however, had been left in charge of the books and was evidently very anxious that all should go on

well during his father's absence. His father was not in fact always easy to please: he was, as will be seen later, a man of high principle, conscientious in his business dealings and an esteemed Minister among Friends, but he had inherited something of his father's peppery temper, as we learn from some entries in the diary. Perhaps John was sometimes thoughtless or stupid, although he seems to have kept well at his work; at any rate his father lost patience at times as we learn from the following: -

5 mo. 27. 1777. A fine day in respect to Weather, but contrarily so with me, being a laborious one mixed with bitterness occasioned by the ill-temper of an unreasonable father: loaded with vexation in the day and much grief at night: never to be forgot by me but perhaps " (words obliterated " "for my good") in the end. Conscious of no guilt on my side."

26th. Much moderated today owing to the interposition of certain of the family in my behalf last night.

29th. Less of work in the morning. Father went to meeting, but hurried at home in the Afternoon, an unpleasant time for me, not being able to do hardly anything without incurring his displeasure: almost drove to despair.

Those stormy times passed off, however.

My brother Clement in his interesting introduction to the diary comments on the open-handed hospitality everywhere shown by Friends. All, - both old and young - made a practice of regularly attending the monthly meetings of business which were held in rotation at the various meeting houses carried in the "Quarterly Meeting". The local Friends all kept open

house. Each of the visitors as desired it were provided with lodging, while for those who only came for the day there was a beautiful spread in every home. This hospitable rule was duly observed even when the principals were away. John, on one such occasion, records that although he was the only member of the family at home, "there was a full board at dinner, having the company of three old women and four young men." It is pleasant to picture John doing the honours on behalf of his absent parents; not perhaps without some air of importance, but paying kindly attention to the comfort of his guests. These gatherings afforded many opportunities for social intercourse, although the actual business was carried on separately, "Men Friends" and "Women Friends" sitting apart and communicating through a messenger. The women had less business than the men: but it was conducted with the same punctilious attention to good order, and thus it came about that the young people of both sexes were early trained to deal with affairs. The fact that men and women now sit together has made no change in this respect, and there can be little doubt that this aptitude for business combined with a high moral standard and absolute integrity, has helped to give Friends, as a body, the weight and importance, quite out proportion to their numbers, which they have long enjoyed.

John Allen's sisters, who were older than himself were

grown up, and the marriage of the younger one, - Ann - to John Miller took place in March. Shortly before the wedding the Allens gave a farewell party to her young friends. Among the girls who were present, we notice the names of our two Great Grandmothers - Elizabeth March, John Allen's future wife - for he did not marry Patty after all - and Letcy Welch - later Harris - whose daughter Elizabeth in 1816 married John's son, Charles, and was the delightful grandmother of my childish recollections.

According to the custom of the day her elder sister Priscilla accompanied the bride when she left the paternal roof for her new home, for there was no wedding tour. Two days after the ceremony John notes - "

"3 no. 13. A successful day to our family on account of sister's leaving to go with her husband to Fare"

Five years afterwards Priscilla also left the old home. In 1782 she married William Knight of Chelmsford. My Mother remembered seeing her great Aunt in her old age. "She was" she says, "a clever woman, but very eccentric; a trying wife to a kind and long-suffering husband, and a severe mother to her children". She seems, in fact, to have inherited some of the less attractive qualities of "Aunt Fryer". Her appearance a good deal repelled her young niece. "She had", says my mother, "a very plain face, rendered more peculiar by

straggling ill-kept grey hair, patches of black plaster on her cheeks and a Quaker muslin cap not too carefully put on". Perhaps in this description, we should make some allowance for the natural intolerance of youth in judging of the infirmities of the old; but she was evidently a very peculiar person.

Ann Miller and Priscilla Knight both left children. A grandson of Ann's - Dr. William Allen Miller, - Professor of Chemistry at King's College, was a chemist of some eminence in his day.

There was a large family of Knight's, but they have left no descendants. They figure largely however in letters which have come down to us and like their mother were people of strong individuality which amounted in some cases to eccentricity. The eldest daughter, Priscilla, seems to have been a person of considerable mental power: she was the intimate friend of her cousin Hannah, the eldest daughter of John Allen; but I should think had not had so good an education. They corresponded regularly until her death in 1828: some letters written by Hannah Allen, to be quoted later, were addressed to her.

Of another daughter - Ann - my mother writes: "She was a character indeed; she had a masculine intellect, overlaid with great peculiarity and eccentricity". Ann Knight was one of the very early pioneers of the Women's Movement in this country. To the amazement and scandal of her relatives she

she started an agitation for obtaining the Suffrage for Women! "At that time (1840-1850), "writes my mother, "the subject had hardly been touched on this side of the Atlantic so that when we heard Ann Knight deliver her strong opinions in favour of Women's Rights, it appeared to most as if she was little better than a ranting enthusiast. Her denunciations were tremendous, and her prophecies of what women must some day do and become were almost like wild ravings".

Such is the impression made upon contemporaries by people who are before their time. Probably almost all the reforms for which she so hotly contested are now accepted as matters of course, and form part of the law of the land.

I may add that my mother herself many years afterwards became a warm advocate of Women's Suffrage.

We must now go back and follow the fortunes of an earlier generation,

As I have said, John Allen did not marry Patty Stafford. We do not know why. Perhaps his affection cooled. Perhaps she refused him. Perhaps she married some one else; or she may have died young. Anyhow nothing is known of her history except what is so naively told in John's diary. It would seem that she was not a Friend as her name does not appear in any Quaker registers. Probably she was a cousin of Margaret

Allen nee Stafford of whom I shall have something to say presently, and when staying with the family at Spitalfields went with them to meeting and joined in all that went on.

Before saying more of the young woman (my great-grandmother) whom John married five years afterwards, I must revert to Uncle Job and his wife Margaret (Stafford).

As already said, Job Allen (1734-1800) was the younger son of the elder John Allen. I know nothing of his youth except that he was born at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, and that, while still young, he followed his brother to London. I do not know how he became connected with the silk trade, but when he comes under our notice in 1777 he is settled as a silk manufacturer at Spitalfields, then an important centre of silk weaving - and is a married man with a family, apparently in prosperous circumstances. Evidently Job Allen was an able man of business. Like his brother, he joined the Society of Friends. He went with him in the diary attending "Monthly Meeting" with his wife, or taking his eldest boy, William, then aged seven, to stay with the farming family. His big cousin was very kind to the little boy whose attainments were later so much to surpass his own, and gave him regular lessons in the early morning before he himself "had to turn to at the Vate and clings". Uncle Job was the kindly Uncle who when Father^{and Mother} are away visiting aged Parents in Yorkshire looks in on the party of lively young people "to see how we fare". But it is not in him that we

are chiefly interested, but in his wife Margaret (Stafford) whom he had married in 1769 when she was a girl of twenty two.

In 1819 Margaret Allen wrote an account of her family and childhood for the benefit of her children and grandchildren and which was printed as a pamphlet in 1883 by one of her grandsons under the title "The Fear of God: True Riches."

"I have understood", the narrative begins, "my great-grandfather⁴ was one possessed of considerable property in lands and money, a native of Wales, and by profession a High Church man, in the days of Charles I. He, closely adhering to the King's side did not think his family safe on his own estate, but took his wife and young children to Ireland in company of some bishops of like principles. He stayed in Ireland until Charles II came to the throne. He then looked towards the Government for the restoration of his lands etc. But waiting for the return of the said bishops, before he got to England a Court of Claims had been held and some persons had wrongfully got possession of his property. Thus he lost his estate. Then he got to Court in order to claim it, one of the judges who

⁴ Richard Stafford, Margaret Allen writes a generation. It was his father, Edmund Stafford who went to Ireland. Richard tried to reclaim the estates, as stated. The family appears to be an offshoot of that of the early Barons and Earls of Stafford: temp: Edw. Confr.

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heard the case, shook his head, saying, "Young man, you have slept too long on your elbows; your estate has been claimed, and is given away." Fearing that if he delayed in law he might lose all he had, he returned to Ireland where he had previously left his family."

"Being thus deprived of his property, he thought it necessary to put his eldest son (my grandfather) apprentice to learn a trade. The Master was a Friend and while with him my grandfather was convinced of the principles of truth. He saw, I have heard my dear mother say, an honest sealow man, and in my father's family where he resided after his wife's decease, he would often recount the merciful dealings of the Almighty with him and rejoiced that the loss of the outward estate, which would have been his (being the eldest son) was made the means of bringing him into the knowledge of the truth which he prized above all things, and which he lived and died in."

"My father, John Stafford, was his eldest son; he was apprenticed at Dublin to a broadcloth manufacturer. Being a lad of a lively witty turn, he was led a little away from Christian simplicity, yet retained the profession of Friends' principles. But what will profession do without possession....

"Some years after his apprenticeship he moved to Cork, and took lodgings in the house of Ann Hart, a steady Friend

and a Minister where my mother was boarded."

"My mother's maiden name was Ann Masters,. She had lost both her parents before she was ten years of age, and was left by her mother (who died last) under the care of her cousin John Dannie of Cork, an elder of that Meeting, and by him was put to board with the aforesaid Friend. My Mother had handsome property left her by her parents, she being an only child; and her cousin in whose care she was left was a man of much property".

"My dear mother was young when my father became acquainted with her: his excellent temper and engaging behaviour gained her affections. Her cousin, perhaps from pecuniary considerations, never fully approved the match, but he behaved honourably" "My father, after marriage, entered on his own business of broad cloth manufacturing on a large scale. ... Business for some years went on prosperously; money and the friendship of the world seemed to flow towards my dear father, which for a time diverted his attention from the pursuit of durable wishes".

"My dear mother, through the humbling hand of the Almighty, laid on her in sickness, was favoured to see and feel the necessity of submitting to the one essential baptism." .. "I have heard her say that at that time, though she had a young and increasing family, she besought the Lord that if riches hurt them, they might be taken from them."

"Through my father's kindness he was induced to put forward in business some of his relatives who had not capital of their own and came under engagement for them, and they proving unsuccessful, my father had their deficiencies to make up. These things, with repeated unforeseen losses, something like Job's messengers of trouble treading in the steps of one another succeeded each other until he was entirely ruined."

"Then his spirits sank, and his natural will not being sufficiently brought down, he left the City of Cork unknown to his friends, and took my mother and two young children. (they had lost some) to Bristol, thinking he could work as a journeyman where he was not known. He could not get employment there. His friends in Cork sent after him desiring his return, but ere the message reached him they had left for London". ...

"They came to London destitute of friends or acquaintances, but they took a furnished lodging, and father soon got work at his business. He continued in employment for some little time, the wages very low: but my mother was an industrious saving woman, for though encumbered with a young family she took in needlework to help out."

"They lodged with a widow who kept a shop and sold many of the articles needed by the family. The woman, observing the reputable appearance of her lodgers and that they were

Friends, contrary to her own interest, suggested that my mother should buy her bread at a bakers shop in the neighbourhood which was kept by a Friend, and this my mother did. The Master of the shop one day asked her a little about their situation and whether they were comfortably accommodated; if not he said they could let them have a spare room, although they had never let lodgings before. This offer they thankfully accepted, being glad to get among Friends. Their present landlady regretted her advice, as she was unwilling to part with them; but it was well, for soon after they moved my father was quite out of employment occasioned by a stoppage in the trade: then their sufferings were heavy: strangers in a strange land, with no friend to whom they could apply."

I wish that space would allow of my telling the moving tale which follows in Margaret Allen's own words. Through the kindness of their Quaker landlord, who insisted on giving them some help, they were just able to exist.

They declined the offer of money, but gratefully accepted a daily ration of bread, without which they must have starved. A time of great privation followed, during which John St. Efford sought in vain for work. Almost in despair, he was turning away from a workshop one day, when the master called him back and said if he could keep from drink - all his men having gone off to the almshouse - he would take him in. "He sent

there next morning and continued there as long as he was able, much respected by his master". His wages were only ten shillings a week in summer and five shillings in winter, but John Stafford's industry and economy enabled them to live comfortably in a little house at Whitechapel, incredible as this seems to us now.

About this time as regular attenders at Meeting, the family came under the notice of Friends, some of whom came to see them. A lasting friendship grew up with one of them, an excellent woman named Margaret Bell, after whom the little girl who was shortly added to the family was named (1747).

But his prolonged difficulties had told fatally on the health of John Stafford and three years after Margaret's birth he died. He had become a deeply religious man, "During his last hours", her mother told Margaret "he seemed to wrestle with the Great High for a blessing on his people, and the melody of his voice was so strong and clear that she saw, as it were, carried away beyond the present trial."

The heroic wife was now left alone with a son in the last stages of consumption, a tiny babe, born after its father's death, and the little Margaret. The youth, a very promising lad did not long survive his father: then the baby died: and only Margaret was left.

"My mother" says Margaret Allen "met with some close

trials after my father's decease: but she was enabled to look unto Him who can make a little sufficient and He did so by hers."

"Her cousin that had the care of her education sent her five guineas: with that she began shop-keeping. Her industry and frugality were great; and the little was blessed and afterwards many times doubled like the widow's cruse of oil. Her health remained tolerably good until she had provided me with necessary education and saw me capable and in a way of getting a respectable living for myself. Soon after that she sank into a gradual decline, and after an illness of fourteen months, borne with great patience she peacefully closed a life of much care and many dear trials in the fifty second year of her age.

We could wish that Margaret had gone on to tell something of her own later life. After her marriage in 1769 to Job Allen, except for occasional glimpses in John Allen's diary, we lose sight of her until she re-appears in the biography of her distinguished son William Allen F.R.S. (1774-1843), as the revered and beloved mother from whom doubtless he had inherited his sensitive nature and intellectual gifts. Before I pass on I will repeat here the substance of what I have elsewhere written respecting him. He represented a type of Quakerism which had almost died out now.

William Allen was the eldest son of Job and Margaret

Allen. His father hoped that, as a matter of course, he would enter his silk factory; but his bent for science was so strong that this had soon to be given up. Although he had not had the advantage of a liberal education, he became an eminent chemist. Under his management the manufacturing business which he entered while still very young, developed into the important firm of Allen and Mackay, still well-known as manufacturing chemists. As a scientific man Mr. Allen held a high position among the chemists of his day. For many years he was the regular lecturer on Chemistry at Guy's Hospital. He gave frequent addresses at the Royal Institution and before many learned associations and in the course became a Fellow of the Royal Society.

There were not however the activities to which probably he himself attached the greatest importance.

As a philanthropist William Allen's labours were unceasing. He was a prominent worker in the anti-slavery cause, an early promoter of elementary schools in association with such persons as Owen and Lancaster and a warm supporter of many of the humanitarian movements which made the early part of the 19th century notable. His freely held views and spiritual nature expressed all with plainness and to the point. These qualities attracted of every different condition, and some of the highest minds of Europe from time to time he had occasion to

approach in connection with such subjects as prison reform or religious toleration. His relations with the Czar Alexander I of Russia were especially remarkable. There was a vein of mysticism in Alexander which responded readily to a similar strain in William Allen whose earnestness and simplicity deeply impressed him when, during the visit of the Allied sovereigns to London in 1814 he granted an interview to him and some other Friends. The Quakers, but especially William Allen, inspired in the emperor feelings of warm affection and he took advantage of opportunities to meet him again in Vienna and St. Petersburg.

These interviews seem to have been occasions of exalted devotional and spiritual intercourse in which the emperor and plain Friend met on common ground as seekers of the highest good. The Czar's aspirations as man and ruler were evidently lofty and sincere, incongruous as they must have seemed, and still seen with his position and practice as Czar of all the Russias.

Another interesting episode is connected with our own Royal Family. The Duke of Kent was a supporter of some of the movements in which Friends and other philanthropists were interested, and probably in this way came in contact with William Allen. Early in the century after it had become possible, owing to the death of the Princess Charlotte, that the succession

to the trouble would devolve on him and his descendants, he was much embarrassed by financial difficulties. In some way William Allen was able to assist him out, after his death, the husband and the little girl who afterwards became Queen Victoria. I believe he advanced money at a critical period, so that the husband when the birth of an heir was imminent, was able to return to England where it was important that the event should take place; and he was one of the Duke's executors.

These services were recalled by the Queen in her old age, when she received my brother, the late Mr. William Allen Sturge at Nice, and learned his name, and she called the attention of one of the Princesses who was present to the fact that "Mr. Sturge is related to old Mr. Allen."

Mr. and Mrs. Allen died in 1838, having survived her husband for many years. They were the parents of several other sons besides William. Their grandson Stafford Allen, the son of Samuel Allen, in his turn, well-known both among Quakers and as a philanthropist, and is represented by a large number of descendants.

THE RATCLIFF ALLENS

A S A G A .

PART II.

WILLIAM ALLEN OF WAPPING

I must now return to my own Ancestor William Allen, the Brewer of Wapping, of whose character his son John's Diary in the entries I have quoted gives what must be a somewhat one-sided picture. My Mother says in her little book - "Family Records" that he was a "much esteemed minister of the Society of Friends". Probably he was liable to attacks of nervous irritation when he was anxious or overdone. She adds as a proof of the excellent health he enjoyed and the regular life he had led, that when he died at the age of seventy nine he had never lost a tooth.

A curious personal touch is given in a letter written in 1897 by his great grand-daughter Emily Jermyn, whose mother Esther Jermyn (nee Miller) was the daughter of William Allen's daughter Ann. She says that her mother told her that she well remembered her grandfather, and that he possessed extraordinary strength in the arm, which was inherited by his grandson William Miller. She could remember that as a little child she was fond of climbing on to his knees and then on to his hand which he would hold out at arm's length, she said the last time she did it she felt a little fear, but never before: probably, comments her daughter, she was growing heavier.

The later years of William Allen were passed near this daughter and her family who lived at Ware. His second wife Mary (Hendall) died in 1800 and it may have been after her death that, having realized some comfortable property, he retired from business and left London. He survived her for eight years and died in 1808.

My mother relates a curious incident in connexion with his death. "He died suddenly in the night. About five miles off lived a Friend named Special West. In the middle of the night he awoke his wife and told her that William Allen was dead. She asked how he could possibly know that, to which he replied that he had seen him crowned. She naturally expressed some doubt of his knowledge of the fact; but he persisted in the truth of his assertion and so fully did he believe in his impression that after having breakfasted next morning he set off to walk to Ware to enquire after his friend. On the way he met a young man on horseback, who pulled up and said "I was riding over to thy house Special West". "Yes" said the latter, "I know what thou art coming for, thy grandfather is dead". William Miller replied 'How couldst thou possibly know, we have only just discovered it ourselves?' 'Oh', said Special West, 'I saw him crowned' and related what had passed in the night. My mother adds that there is no doubt of the accuracy of this story.

JOHN ALLEN.

We now come to my Great Grandfather, John Allen, son of the above, from whose journal when he was a young man, I have quoted commenting on his character. My brother Clement says, "He seems to have been a lively impressionable youth, fond of his joke like some of his descendants, a wholesome honest decent lad let the unreasonable father blame him never so harshly". My mother did not know her grandfather who died before she was born; but she had heard much about him. "John Allen" she writes "was a man of sterling sense and judgment and his advice was frequently sought by his connections and others. He had his full share of ability and some degree of eccentricity". This was shown in ways that must sometimes have been rather trying. For instance on entering a friend's house, he would make straight for the windows and throw them wide open, with the remark that the room needed some fresh air. His summary proceeding, when he found that the sleeves of some shirts which his wife had made for him were too long, much tried his affectionate spouse, who warmly protested when she discovered that instead of waiting for her to alter them, he had simply hacked off the wristbands with his penknife! It is fair to add that when the impatient man saw how much he had grieved her he expressed much contrition.

But I have not mentioned his wife before saying who she was or when they were married.

In 1782 John Allen married Elizabeth Marsh, a daughter of Thomas Marsh of Hitchen. We have met Elizabeth once before at the farewell party given to his sister Ann's friends on the occasion of her marriage to John Miller in 1777. At that time, as we have seen, John's affections were otherwise engaged. We do not know how it was that he transferred them to Elizabeth: but it seems to have been a very happy marriage. They had four daughters and three sons; I remember my great aunts Hannah and Nancy, the eldest and the youngest, very well: but before saying more about them I must revert to the family of their mother - Elizabeth Marsh.

THE MARSHES.

The Marshes are a very old family. We possess a chart showing an unbroken line from a certain William Marsh who was born about 1383. There is good reason to suppose that he was descended from an earlier stock of powerful landowners named De Maurisco, the Latin form of the name, who again claimed to be connected with the French Montmorencys.

There is however no proof that these turbulent persons, who frequently made trouble for the government of their day, are

our ancestors. One branch, to whom had been granted the lordship of Lundy Island, used it situated as it is, at the entrance to the Bristol Channel, as a stronghold for piracy, and held the fortress which they had built there against the King of the day whenever he tried to enforce order. More than once they were dislodged, but they always contrived to get back again, "But at last" says the late Joseph Green, the family annalist, "the authorities finally got rid of these rascals".

Since there can be no certainty either way, it may be left to harsh descendants of today, to claim, or not, as each may prefer, descent from these gentlemen, of whom one, at least, ended his life in the Tower, where, according to the barbarous practice of the day, he was hung, drawn and quartered as a traitor.

Leaving these early uncertainties, it is more satisfactory to turn to the authentic pedigree, though, even here, the connecting links are not absolutely clear. In the absence of early registers, carefully kept, there are apt, in such a table, to be lacunae not easily filled up. Nevertheless, the general line may be accepted as correct.

As far as can be judged from the list of names which is all that a Chart has to offer, our ancestors up to the middle of the 17th century were simply country gentlemen living on their own estate at Marton near Longton in Kent, which for many years passed peaceably from father to son. They seem not to have been

involved in any of the disturbances which took place under the Plantagenets and Tudors; but living, as they did so near the scene of action in Charles the first's reign, they could not hope to escape those in his unhappy day, and we find that John Marsh who was born in 1614 sold his patrimony in 1646, no doubt under the pressure of difficulties caused by the Civil War, and removed to Dover. Dover is associated with more than one member of the Marsh family, a Thomas Marsh of Methersole was Deputy Lieutenant there early in the 18th century and a hundred years before another distant relative had been Chaplain.

We do not know what property John Marsh still owned, after he had parted with his Marton estate; but this branch of the family seem never again to have been landowners. His sons and grandsons earned their living in various ways. Some of their descendants are described as "shopkeepers" and some as "Mariners" or "Fishermen". The change was no doubt partly due to the social conditions of the time; but partly to the effects of a great spiritual revival which spread rapidly all over the country.

After the lapse of nearly three centuries, it requires a considerable effort of imagination to picture the position and prospects of young people who grew up during the later years of the Civil War, when the country was convulsed from end to end by the tremendous struggle which culminated in the execution

of the King in 1649. It is hardly now possible to realize the weariness and spiritual hunger which was then so widely felt; or to re-capture the feelings of joy and enthusiasm with which men welcomed preachers of a vital religion, instead of the formalism of a barren prelacy, or the intolerant bigotry of Independency. These heralds of a different age called upon their hearers everywhere to cease from earthly strife, to set their affections on things above and to follow the light within.

The preachers were George Fox and his immediate followers, whose magnetic personality and power, in many districts, almost revolutionized the countryside. Everywhere men and women eagerly listened and were "convinced of the truth", as the quaint phrase went. Our ancestor, William Marsh and a number of his relatives were among these early converts.

I wish that our Marsh forefathers had left a fuller account of their share in the sufferings which followed. The Quakers were subjected to great persecutions and every sort of disability. Although much that they said and did savours to modern readers of fanaticism, we have to remember the violence of the times and what they were up against. Popular speech was debased by the frequent use of coarse language and blasphemous oaths. Swearing, said the Quakers, was contrary to the teaching of Jesus Christ as to truthfulness always, and in every place; so they steadfastly refused to take any oath, even that of allegiance,

or as witnesses in a court of law. Again, a feigning, insincere subservience marked the manners of the day. They refused to remove their hats even in the presence of the King.

The Quakers constantly met in any available room to worship in silence, at a time when to assemble in unlawful conventicles was forbidden under heavy penalties.

In all these and many other, ways they offended not only against the prejudices, but against the laws of their times. In consequence great numbers were thrown into filthy fever-laden prisons in which a great many died. But still they persisted; In Bristol when the parents were taken away, the children kept up the meetings. Certainly these early Friends were in the true line of succession as heroes and martyrs.

The many disabilities from which they suffered almost forced the Quakers into a position apart from the main stream of the national life. They could not be buried in the churchyards; they were ineligible for any public office: the Universities were closed to them. They became, in consequence, a sort of eclectic body which, after the Act of Toleration had been passed, subsided for a time into a form of quietism: always notable however for the high moral standard its members upheld, and for the many fine characters which appeared among them.

As Friends were excluded from the learned professions and from the Army and Navy - from the first they had maintained a testimony against all war - they devoted themselves to the

peaceable pursuits of commerce. As time went on, the honesty of their dealings brought them considerable prosperity, and - especially after Banking had been added to their activities - some amassed wealth: the great majority however pursued the even tenour of their way as industrious, self-respecting, middle class citizens and in this category we find our Marsh ancestors, when, after the lapse of two or three generations, the family again comes into view.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century a number of Friends were living at Folkestone who were engaged in the great Fishing Industry which was carried on in that neighbourhood. Among them were John Marsh - My Great Grandfather in the sixth degree - who is described as a "mariner", and a good many other persons, no doubt near relations. Some of them are, like John, described as "Mariners" and some as fishermen. Probably most of them owned and navigated their own boats. Enormous quantities of mackerel were caught and sent away to supply the London market. Defoe, who visited this, among other places, gives a lively account of the proceedings, "The Folkestone men catch them", he says, "and the London and Larking Mackerel trucks xxx come down and buy them, and fly up to Market with them, with such a cloud of canvas, and up so high that one would wonder how such

small boats could bear it and should not overset. About Michaelmas these Folkstone Barks xxx go away to Yarmouth and Lowestoff, on the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk to the Fishing Fair and catch Herrings for the Merchants there".

We can form some idea of the scale on which the Fishing Industry was carried on, and the amount of Capital which was invested in it, from the fact that John Marsh's father, William Marsh, when he died in 1687, left John as his share, although he was only one of seven children, "Tenn Mackerell netts and two fare of Herring netts". A fare represented the quantity of fish taken by one fishing boat. So this was enough for two boats. He also left him (after his mother's death) his "mess" and the "tent in which I live".

Like other old towns Folkestone has its stories of the past. Tradition has it that Queen Elizabeth once visited the Borough and that the Mayor, who happened to be a very small man, desirous to do Her Majesty honour, mounted a stool and thus addressed her -

"Most Gracious Queen,
Thou art Welcome to Folksteene"

To which she rather cruelly replied -

"Most Gracious Foole
Get off that stoole!"

This, however, is a digression.

William Marsh was one of the earliest converts to Quakerism:

probably convinced by the preaching of George Fox himself. He was earnest in the cause and twice suffered a term of imprisonment for "attending meeting". In his business as a fisherman evidently he prospered, as his son John did after him.

John Marsh, who is described as "Yocman and fisherman", was born in 1667. He was twice married: the second time to Elizabeth Cullen, from whom we are descended. Of their four sons, the two elder followed their father's calling; while the two younger - Thomas and William - became respectively a hamp-dresser and ropemaker. It is with Thomas that we are concerned. In 1725 Thomas, then a young man of twenty two, married a girl named Sarah Godden and in the following year their little son Thomas was born. When the baby was only a few months old, his father died. We know nothing of the circumstances but it must have been a tragic family event when Sarah was left a young widow with a little boy to bring up. No doubt his grandparents took a kindly interest in the lad. When John Marsh died in 1740, he left young Thomas some money which no doubt helped Sarah to give him a good education. He was early apprenticed to a chemist, and by the age of twenty considered himself in a position to marry; for in 1746 he married a girl named Hannah Pattesson. The young people seem to have been rather precipitate in their proceedings, for he was only just twenty, and Hannah not quite twenty-two. Their two elder children were

born before they went to live at Mitchen, the town in which he finally settled down as a chemist. Perhaps the fact that his mother married again that year had something to do with it.

Hannah was the daughter of William Patterson of Canterbury, "Leather seller" and "Briches Maker". The Pattersons were, we are told "much respected in the town" and "useful members of the Society of Friends." My mother in her little book - "Family Records" tells some curious stories about some of their marriage connexions. Fifty years ago one of them possessed, or thought he possessed, the head of Oliver Cromwell! a gruesome relic.

Thomas and Hannah Marsh had a large family. We know nothing directly about Hannah but the fact that all her children turned out well is in itself sufficient testimony in her favour. In 1774 at the birth of her eleventh child both Mother and infant died; a pathetic ending to what must have been a very strenuous life.

Two years afterwards Thomas Marsh married again. His second wife was Ann Healey whose sister Hannah three years before, had married his son Samuel; so by taking this step, he became his son's brother-in-law; - his own brother-in-law? or was it his own father?

Our interest in this family does not arise from anything remarkable that they did; but from the fact that the second daughter Elizabeth (1754-1826) was the Elizabeth Marsh who

in 1782 married my great grandfather John Allen, as already noticed. Her brother Samuel, some years before, had settled at Ratcliff and no doubt this led to intimacy with the Allen family: some of the younger people followed who formed a cheerful sociable circle of cousins.

My mother remembered many of her Marsh relatives and writes of them - "They were home-loving and domestic, industrious and religious: filling their place as citizens of no mean city (London)", and she adds "There was a considerable amount of humour among the Marshes of which many amusing stories are related."

John and Elizabeth Marsh settled down at Ratcliff where he was no doubt now in partnership with his father in the Brewery in which he was a learner when we met with him before.

Long letters written by Elizabeth to her daughter Hannah after she became a widow in 1808 give us a vivid picture of her as a bright lively woman, full of verve and enjoyment of life, although a plain and consistent Friend in dress, speech and manners. Her husband was a man of various interests, rather erratic, as the incident about his shirt sleeves shows, but in some respects - as in his love of fresh air - before his time. Like most men in those days John Allen was an excellent whip.

THE GREAT FIRE OF RATCHLIFF

"John Allen" was fond of driving into the Country" writes my mother "and would announce suddenly that he was going off in the afternoon for a jaunt of a few days, telling his wife to pack up her things and accompany him. He had a fine and excellent horse called "Jumper" which took them on these excursions, and was the favourite of the family, travelling fast and well with the two wheeled vehicle then in vogue." It was when they were returning home one day from one of these excursions, she continues, that my grandfather began to whip his poor Jumper with great force and urge him to a full gallop while the flogging was still kept up. My Grandmother was terrified at such unusual conduct and tried in vain to find out the cause. Not one word could she elicit in reply: ... he still flourished his whip and the horse still rushed on till she began to fear that a sudden aberration of mind had seized him. Before very long she discovered the reason of his strange conduct and then she was in great alarm with himself. For over the distant horizon was spread a terrific glow of fire, stretching across the spot where they believed their house to be and giving rise in their minds to the most distressing apprehensions and to agonies of suspense, for house, children and all belonging to them might be involved before they reached the spot. It was the awful fire of Ratchliff when one hundred and fifty houses were

destroyed involving several streets in the neighbourhood where they lived. But happily no harm had happened to them and they reached home to find all safe, though my other grandfather - Samuel Harris, - had his house and property completely destroyed."

My great grandfather, Samuel Harris, had married Betty Belch who, like Elizabeth Marsh, had been present at the farewell party given by the Allens many years before when John's sister Ann was about to be married. They were married in 1783.

The Harrises had a terrible experience in the great fire. Their house and business premises and all they possessed were destroyed. Their two little girls - my grandmother aged five - and her sister were rescued and carried away in a baker's cart to the house of a friend.

My mother tells a curious story which shows how sensible people may lose their presence of mind under such circumstances. My thrifty Great Grandmother had a hoard of eighty guineas locked up in her looking glass drawers. In their hurry, they could not find the key, and it never occurred to them to carry away the glass itself! The money was afterwards found in the ruins, a mass of molten gold.

But to return to my other Great grand parents. John Allen did not live to be old. He died in 1808 after a long and suffering illness from Bright's disease, aged only fifty one. He must have prospered in business, for he was able to leave his family comfortably off. After his death we hear no more of the

Brewery. Probably it had to be sold, for his two sons were still mere boys of 15 and 16, too young to carry it on.

ELIZABETH (MARSH) ALLEN.

Elizabeth Allen's letters written after her husband's death give a pleasant picture of the family life. She was evidently a most affectionate mother. Especially close was the tie between her and her eldest daughter Hannah (b.1783) the "Aunt Hannah" of my early childhood. In those days of difficult travelling people, when invited to visit friends or relations, were expected to stay a long time. Hannah was evidently much in request in this way. Directly she was gone her mother took a large sheet of foolscap paper and began a minute chronicle of family happenings. The excellent woman was imperfectly educated; her spelling was erratic, and she had no use for the letter H; but she was endowed with the pen of the ready writer, and her comments on men and things are keen and shrewd.

Here is an account (slightly corrected) of an excursion in which she joined a number of other relations. The sociable family seem generally to have gone about in shoals!

"London 7th mo. 7th 1810. After saying that she had attended a Committee to elect a Successor to Elizabeth Fry unable to continue her assistance, she goes on - "We then went and took coach - that is E. Shewell and myself - and went down

Deptford to dinner. T. Marsh and myself then went to the Dockyard and met with thy Uncle and Aunt Samuel, T. Cook, E. Shewell, Maria Brown, Hannah and Rebecca Marsh and thy sister Ann who was just come down. They intended to have come by water, but thy Aunt thought it too rough, so they walked, which made them later. But to proceed. We entered the Dockyard and went on board the "Royal Charlotte", one of the largest vessels that was ever built; but I could not help reflecting with regret that she is built for the purpose of destroying our fellow creatures, and what a pity she should be exposed to cannon balls. Oh that men would be wise and as earnest to fight the battles of spiritual warfare! There have been hundreds - if I should say thousands I believe I should not be wrong - to see it, and some days the yard has been almost like a fair. She is to be launched on 3rd day next? and great numbers are expected to be there. Afterwards we went on board the King's yacht which is getting ready to receive the royal family which is expected that day. We all then proceeded to T. Shewell's to tea.

Here is an account of a drive home when she had been visiting friends with her son and her daughter Eliza. - "6th mo. 12th 1813. We appointed to spend the day with Joseph May and family. The morning proved very fine and we had a pleasant ride. We spent a very pleasant day and they expressed themselves much pleased to see us xxx It being a moonlight evening, we

depended on the moon and imprudently, like the foolish virgins, went without any lamps. The evening proved wet and so dark that soon after we left Henley came on pouring rain and complete darkness, so that we could not see the horse's head and once were so nearly overset that Lewis got down to lead the creature; but being near a cottage we called to beg a candle from a poor woman who was ready to grant it; the wind was so high that we could not assist the driver: but it kept other carriages from running against us xxx We were obliged to go at a foot-pace most of the way, and I think I never found myself more thankful than when we all landed safe at home."

In a letter, written in 1810, after saying that "on third day morning I set to to ironing, and got comfortably finished before T" (an abbreviation she is fond of) my great grandmother goes on to tell of another excursion in which she and her daughter Ann (later 'Aunt Nancy') joined a number of their relations. It is too long to quote in full, but it is interesting to see what bountiful provision was made for such festive occasions.

"We set off, as I said, a little after 8 o'clock and had a most charming sail, - as charming, I think, as we well could have." We then proceeded to Sea Reach where we lay to the vessel, it being then one o'clock, all ready for dinner. We spread two tables on deck and finely regaled ourselves. We had for dinner a large veal pye, a roast leg of lamb, cold beef and ham,

two large gooseberry pyes, Beer, Ale, Porter etc. After dinner, wine and a choice dessert of fruit xxx Charles Palmer, who thee know is a good provider in that line, had been up at 4 o'clock that morning to market to get it for us. xxx We lay to about two hours; then seeing a storm blowing up we thought it best to return home. We had not sailed many miles when it came on such a storm of thunder and lightning and rain as drove us all downstairs. Some of the women were much frightened, but most of the party kept calm. The boat heeled over to one side, which drove all the other side down upon the others; but - a great favour - no harm or damage occurred. It lasted about an hour, when the deck was swept and we all went up again. After a while we took a comfortable dish of tea on board, the wind ceased and we sailed gently up and all landed safe about nine o'clock. I believe all well pleased with the excursion".

My great grandmother Allen died in 1826 in her seventy second year. Although the letters from which I have quoted deal chiefly with the daily doings and chit-chat of ordinary life, she seems to have been a woman of high principles and deep religious feeling. Left a widow when most of her children were still in their teens, it devolved on her to wind up her husband's affairs and to place her sons out in life. She seems to have acted with energy and good judgment, helped no doubt by her able daughter Hannah, who was now grown up and several years older than the

rest; the brother and sister who came next to her in age had been carried off by that terrible scourge of those days - small pox.

In a brief account of her mother which Hannah wrote shortly after her death, probably for the information of Friends, after saying that she was diligent in attending their religious and business meetings - she goes on - "She was anxious to train her own family in the path of Christian simplicity, and by example and precept to exhort others to the same. xxxx Of a remarkably charitable disposition, a considerable portion of her time was devoted to assisting the wants and administering to the necessities of the poor".

My great grandmother seems to have been a kindly lovable woman, and to the end of her life must have been excellent company.

HANNAH ALLEN.

My Great Aunt Hannah Allen (1783-1867) from whose notes I have quoted, was in her later life, a woman of impressive personality.

I remember her, when - with her younger sister, "Aunt Nancy", she occasionally visited at our house - as a stout rather homely figure, but dignified in speech and manner of whom we children stood rather in awe. She can never have been beautiful, but nature had endowed her with mental powers above the average and a noble, generous disposition, enriched in old age

by the chequered experiences of a long life and the spiritual intensity of her religion. She was an "acknowledged" Minister among Friends. Her communications were not very frequent, but were always terse and to the point. I do not remember anything she said, but the grave dignity of her manner, as in her deep sonorous voice she addressed the large congregation, which then used to gather in the Friars Meeting House at Bristol, left a permanent impression on my childish mind. It seemed dreadfully improper when a small enfant terrible loudly informed us, as we sat at dinner afterwards, that "Aunt Hannah preached in Meeting today"! A shocked sh- sh- went round the table and he was promptly suppressed!

Hannah Allen had had a better education than her mother. In the eighteenth century the education of girls was generally a very haphazard affair, and was considered of small importance compared with that of their brothers. Friends early sought to remedy this state of things, and they provided as much room for girls as for boys in the schools which they established at Ackworth and elsewhere. There were also private Schools, some of which were fairly good.

My great Aunt had been sent to one which was carried on at Milverton in Somersetshire by two young women named Young, sisters of the eminent oriental Scholar Dr. Thomas Young, the first decipherer of Egyptian hieroglyphics. I do not know how they themselves had obtained their education: their father

is described as "Shopkeeper" and "Farmer"; but the school seems to have been highly thought of, for the daughters of many Friends besides those from the West of England were sent there. At any rate Hannah Allen acquired the rudiments of a good education which stood her in good stead in her after life.

My mother writes thus of her Aunt. "She was a person of enlarged and comprehensive mind and as she advanced in life she kept pace with much that was going on in the world and was an extensive reader. Politics, science, theology, all came under her notice and to the last day of her life she took interest in passing events. She was especially fond of history and wrote a "Compendium of Ancient History" which had a good sale at the time."

As a young woman Hannah was a lively and interesting companion, evidently a great favourite in the large sociable circle of relatives. Her most intimate friend was her cousin Priscilla Knight, mentioned earlier in these notes. The series of letters addressed to her give a vivid picture of family life and fun, exemplified in the following -

"12th mo. 10.1807, xxx On 3rd day I went with a party of about a dozen to spend the day at Bromley at Aunt Emerson's. I don't know whether you had such a day with you, but with us it was not weather fit to turn an enemy's dog out in even tho' he had bit one! Yet so intent were we on pleasure that coated and

cloaked, we set off all through the snow and walked two miles and a half with it beating in our faces. We spent a pleasant day, but in the evening the snow had not ceased to lay ankle deep on the ground. We were afraid of riding, it was so dangerous for the horses. At length it was decided that four of us who had colds or were otherwise indisposed should stay behind all night. I was of the number. We did not return till yesterday when it was too late to write. Today is our meeting day and I have been very much pressed to stay behind along with the Harris'. I have at length agreed on condition they would permit me to write a letter for I could not think of deferring it any longer. I have accordingly sat down; but they are so full of their fun that I scarcely know what I write, they are giggling and playing and making such a racket. Henry Knight Jr. is in the room playing off a parcel of monkey tricks. I am forced to leave off in the middle of almost every line to laugh." xxx "I ought sooner to have said that my father's health is better and the rest of us are bravely. xxx I really am ashamed of this letter but there is such a pushing and jogging of the table, and such entreaties to leave off that I must bid adieu."

The reference to her father's health shows that John Allen was already suffering from the illness from which he died three months later.

The father's death must have been followed by many changes but the family continued to live at the East end until my Great

Grandmother's death in 1826, when the home was finally broken up.

In 1832 the three daughters settled down in the little house in Albion Road, Stoke Newington, which I often visited in my girlhood. I never knew my great Aunt Eliza, who died in 1845, but both her sisters lived to a good old age. Hannah Allen died in 1867.

"Aunt Nancy" was many years younger and without the intellectual gifts of her sister, but she was clever and practical and active in many good works. Among other accomplishments, she knew how to make a wonderful ointment which was in great request. Numbers of poor people came to her for treatment, and she was successful in curing many really bad boils and blains.

I remember that my mother always kept a pot of this sovereign remedy in the house.

Aunt Nancy was a great favourite in the family circle and when she became too feeble to go out, certain youthful great nieces, following the fashion of the day, formed a "Society for the Prevention of Aunt Nancy's dullness". I fear it was short lived. She died in 1877.

The two sons of John and Elizabeth Allen - Charles - my Grandfather - and Lewis both died in middle life. We should know very little about them if my mother had not in her little book "Family Records", printed in 1882, written a graphic

account of her family.

CHARLES AND ELIZABETH (HARRIS) ALLEN.

Charles (1792-1839) was only sixteen when his father died, and no doubt it was necessary at once to come to a decision as to his future. I do not know what influenced his mother in her choice: the position cannot have been very easy for his education had been limited to what a neighbouring day school (in the east end) could supply, which was probably thought enough in those days for lads who were going into trade, or to be clerks in some city office. When we first get a glimpse of the family after the father's death, in a letter addressed by Elizabeth Allen in 1810 to her daughter Hannah, Charles is living at Maidenhead where he had been apprenticed to a Friend named William Bate who carried on a tannery in that little country town. Charles, while learning the business, lived in his Master's house and shared in the family life. One day some distant cousins of William Bate's, named Harris, arrived on a visit. This was the couple I have before alluded to as having lost all their belongings in the great Ratcliff fire. The two little girls, who had been carried out of danger in a baker's cart, were now beautiful and attractive young women, and accompanied their parents.

"Sarah", says my mother, "was at that time engaged to

George Knight, whom she afterwards married; but Elizabeth, the younger one, had hitherto declined the various offers of marriage which she had received. She must have been at that time about twenty two, of a slight elegant figure, and peculiarly sweet face, a perfect blonde with curling hair."

"My father, though three years younger, was struck by her charms and before long his boyish preference took a more decided form, and when twenty years of age, he proposed for her hand. He was unsuccessful for a while, as probably the difference in age was a barrier to Elizabeth's acceptance of the tall handsome youth. His rich complexion and dark curling hair gave him such a likeness to Lord Byron who was then in his early prime, that on one occasion, when my father was walking in the West-end of London, he was addressed by a gentleman who took him for the noble poet!"

But in time Elizabeth relented. "At last they became engaged" says my mother, "and I have heard from those who saw them married that they had never seen a handsomer bridegroom nor fairer bride."

My grandfather must have been a delightful personality, endowed by nature with every gift which, for a lover of country pursuits, makes for happiness, except those essential for business success. A splendid whip, the driver of the Coggeshall Coach would hand him the reins and leave him in charge of his

four-horse team while he himself took a much-needed rest. He was a courageous rider too: an accomplishment very necessary at that time for men whose business engagements called them away from home. In illustration, my mother mentions that one day he was returning from London, mounted on an excellent horse, when a courier carrying dispatches to Windsor dashed past him at a tremendous pace. Putting his own horse into a gallop, he managed for a few minutes to keep up with him, and in this way heard the great news of the battle of Leipsic.

Samuel Harris - Elizabeth Harris' father - belonged to a simple family of rustic breeding who lived at Longcompton in Oxfordshire. When quite a young man he went to London, and succeeded so well in business as a corn-dealer - notwithstanding the destruction of everything he possessed in the great Ratcliff fire - that he was able to retire with a modest fortune, which, after his death, was inherited by his two daughters. He was a man of high character and much respected, and it was a great grief to his family when he died in consequence of a fall, shortly before Elizabeth's marriage - in 1816.

Like the Allens, the Harris's lived at Ratcliff. The two families were acquainted and long before Charles and Elizabeth were engaged his sister Hannah and Elizabeth were intimate friends. It was a friendship which remained unbroken as long as both lived.

Elizabeth Harris' mother was Elizabeth Belch, the youngest of the four daughters of Thomas and Mary (Batt) Belch. I have written elsewhere of the Belches, and need only say here that they were small landowners of Yeoman status who had long been settled in Hertfordshire. We possess copies of certain old wills, of which the first is dated 1434; quaint documents, often signed only with the testators' mark. But although illiterate, these early Belches were people of substance, though their wealth, like that of the patriarchs of old, consisted not of cash, but of flocks and herds. Instead of leaving them money, they would bequeath to one relative a ewe, to another a bushel of wheat, while a third was to be the happy recipient of "my sheepskin coat". Small sums like fourpence, eightpence, or a shilling were left as in duty bound, for the benefit of their parish Church.

About 1700 many of their descendants gave up agricultural pursuits, and came to London where they took up shopkeeping or other City occupations. Among them was the Thomas Belch described as "Citizen and Lyer" who in 1744 married Mary Batt. The wedding took place in the Friends' Meeting House at Islington, for by this time this branch of the family had joined the Society.

Many years before the marriage of their daughter Betsey to Samuel Harris in 1763, the eldest, Sarah, had married Benjamin Angell, a man who from his early beginnings amassed considerable

* For further particulars see "The Belches of Hertfordshire".

wealth. In 1790 he bought the fine old mansion known as Goring House at Isleworth, associated later with the children of Charles and Elizabeth Allen when circumstances obliged them to leave Coggeshall in 1835 and take up their abode with their aged great Aunt. But this is anticipating.

My grandparents were married in 1816 and began life hopefully in a pretty cottage at Maidenhead where my grandfather had started in business for himself. And there in the following summer my mother was born.

Finding that there was not so good a prospect of success as he had hoped, when the baby was only a few weeks old, he joined his brother Lewis in buying a tannery at the little town of Coggeshall in Essex. It stood "at the extreme end of the town and immediately adjoining it was the residence, a good, old-fashioned red brick house where during the eighteen years that they resided there, the rest of their large family was born, where also three of them died, one a promising boy of six years, the eldest of their eight sons, and two infants, all laid in a small graveyard at Coggeshall, belonging to the Society of Friends."

"Our house" my mother goes on to say, "was on the outskirts of the little town, close to the roadside with green fields in front, where our cows and horses grazed. On one side was a garden, small for the country, but sufficiently large to be very

pretty. In it stood the cottage, adjoining our house, in which my maternal Grandmother (nee Elizabeth Belch) lived during the later years of her life. On the other side of the house was the Tannery with its appurtenances, xxx and beyond it a large kitchen garden where the children were allowed to play xxx In the full enjoyment of health and freedom we revelled in it all."

"Some of us can recollect", she says, "the terrible time of agricultural distress and consequent outrages which took place about 1829-30. In the county where we lived there was a large amount of incendiarism during the winter, and we can call to mind one night, in particular, when not less than three of these fires were blazing at one time within sight of our house."

These disturbances of a hundred years ago seem to have followed the introduction of improved agricultural implements by which the labourers thought they would be ruined.

But these poor people were not the only persons in the neighbourhood in trouble. The later years spent by my mother's family in this pleasant country home were overcast by increasing financial difficulties, and the shadow of impending bankruptcy. My Mother goes on to say - "The poor father was never fitted for business and it did not prosper in his hand. His wife's property also suffered, and at last it became necessary to give up his business and to leave the charming place where we lived."

"Unhappily", she continues, "the cares and trials of

these later years had told grievously on the health of my father, and it failed rapidly, but we were at the time unaware of the malady that was undermining his strength."

The disease proved to be the same as that from which his father had died thirty years before. In accordance with the practice of the times copious bleeding was resorted to: with disastrous results: so that when they finally left Isleworth, he was fatally ill.

When in 1835 business difficulties began to weigh heavily on the family, the children and their mother were sent away to Isleworth where the aged great Aunt Sarah Angell, then nearing her end, received them into her roomy old mansion, Gaimley House, beautiful with its long range of Georgian rooms and their fine eighteenth century decorations. The old lady died in 1835, but the family did not finally leave until 1838 when the place was given up, and they all went to live for a time at Samer in France.

It was during this period that the family picture by R.R. Remager R.A. was painted which is now the property of Mr. Bernard Allen, the son of their eldest son. It shows the house and the charming garden, as they then appeared, with the Allen family in the foreground. This picture, which now hangs in a corridor at Corpus Christi College Oxford, was shown, under the title of "The Quaker Family" in the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1838 and excited much attention.

After this we come to the sad story of my grandfather's illness and death.

"Circumstances", says my mother, "connected with their business affairs took my Father and mother to France in 1838, accompanied by my Uncle Lewis Allen. " They went to a little town called Genes, not far from Boulogne, intending only to stay for a few days. While there, their kindly French hostess, seeing my Grandfather's condition, persuaded them to consult her own doctor, a Mons. Cazin. His treatment did him so much good that they decided to send for the children and spend the winter in the dull little place. My mother describes the many distracting ups and downs, characteristic of such a complaint, that followed this apparent improvement. Gradually it became but too evident that the patient was slowly sinking, and a time of terrible anxiety for my Grandmother and her two elder daughters followed, ending in his death in April 1839. My mother mentions that one day they had the great pleasure and comfort of a visit from Elizabeth Fry who was passing through the town in the course of one of her evangelistic journeys, and came in while the horses were being changed.

"Those who have never gone through the melancholy experience" she writes "can little imagine the trials attendant on the death of an Englishman in a foreign land, nor the many difficulties that arise in connection with it". They would have

been almost insurmountable but for the fact that the kind doctor in attendance happened to be the Mayor of the town.

All the boys except little Philip had been sent back to England some time before. In February Joe and Fred had left for Ackworth School.

Among other old papers, I have found notes, made by their sister Sarah, of an address which their father gave them before starting, in view of this important change in their lives. Evidently he was labouring under the grievous sense that he might see these young sons no more: a foreboding which proved to be but too well founded.

In broken tones he told them something of his own early experience, when he too, while still but a youth, was left fatherless; and how the influence of his mother had meant everything to him. He earnestly warned them against the temptations to which they would now be exposed, and entreated them always to remember the valuable lessons they had received from their mother, ever since they were little children. Later as he watched them depart, he was moved to tears. He never saw them again.

My grandfather's remains were brought back to England and were interred in the Friends' Burial ground at Hatcliff, long since disused; by the side of his parents who had been laid there many years before. He was only forty seven when he died.

After she became a widow in 1839, my Grandmother had a hard struggle to bring up her large family, for most of her considerable fortune had been lost in the general crash. But she nobly rose to the occasion, and displayed, says my mother, "wonderful business capacity in dealing with the complicated state in which her affairs had been left." In her later life she settled down with her unmarried sons in a charming little house at Stoke Newington, and there I remember her as the kindly grandmother, always ready to welcome her children and grand children. She died in 1862.

All my five Uncles were delightful men, with their father's charm, and an added gift of humour, of which I can find no trace in the few letters left by him. In each it was different and personal to himself. All have now passed on; but for those who knew them, their memory will ever be fresh and fragrant.

My simple tale is now ended.

"As one by one we turn the pages of the past for a brief moment it is re-peopled for us and lives again. It is gone beyond recall. Yet we know that once it was, and that to the men and women, who bore their little part in it, what we call the past was as real, as human, as palpitating and absorbing as the life of every one of us today It has been truly said that in all but the rarest cases no man survives as a living memory beyond the second generation. All knowledge of

him perishes with those who knew the touch of his hand, the tone of his voice, the light of his eyes. He must have had a singularly potent personality, for good or for ill who, in private life, could hope to surmount this test."

So, many years ago, wrote my late brother Clement, yet it is true, nevertheless, that it is these obscure, little known lives which form the basis of national character. What they are, the nation as a whole will be. Let us then not despise the day of small things, or look back with scorn on ancestors who, while they filled but an ^{inconspicuous} ~~small~~ place in the public eye, tilled their own little plot, and tended it faithfully .

ELIZABETH STURGE.

BRISTOL 1931.

A P P E N D I X

LETTERS BY HANNAH ALLEN.

LETTERS by HANNAH ALLAN.

The following letters were addressed by Hannah Allen to her cousin Fricellia Knight of Chelmsford. They all belong to the ten years preceding the year 1830 when Fricellia Knight died. Her death must have been a great grief, for she was my great aunt's most intimate friend and correspondent. She wrote to her with great freedom, both about her own interests and family affairs. Sometimes when the matter in hand became very confidential, she gave off into shorthand, which evidently they both understood.

Like other young people, the Allans were fond of sight-seeing, and when anything especially interesting was on foot, tried to see as much as they could. Some of her letters give graphic accounts of such expeditions.

The letter written in 1811 in which Hannah contrasts the luxury displayed at the Prince Regent's fête with the miserable distress then prevalent, alludes to the terrible suffering of the poor, owing to the very high price of bread, and other disastrous consequences of that long-drawn out war. Those written in 1814 refer to the time when the allied governments met in London, after the defeat of Napoleon, to settle the affairs of Europe. It was during this visit that the Czar Alexander I became interested in the quakers, as I have mentioned in my

account of William Allen W.P.S. One letter describes an im-
promtu call which the speaker paid on the family of a friend
near Brighton.

The later letters give some idea of my great aunt's
literary interests and powers as a critic. Incidentally the
allusion to "Tomboy" helps us to realize the excitement caused
by Sir Walter Scott's novels as year after year they appeared.

The last letter describes a strange landing at Foulness.

E. S.

London 7th mo. 1811.

My dear F. B. M. S.

.....

Willst thou on the subject of painting I will tell thee
of another exploit I had. The papers have unfortunately inform-
ed you that the Prince meant to gratify the public curiosity by
allowing to be shown for a few days after the magnificent fête
with the tables set out in the same order, the plates having
been cleaned and replaced as at the time of the entertainment.
They likewise gave you I expect a dismal picture of the prom-
ising and disastrous which unfortunately took place, but they did
not I am certain say what was nevertheless true that they either
saw or heard the crowd. Mr. Kitchen sent me tickets
a ticket of admission and I joined their party. We went in
the fore part of the day by which means we enjoyed the most
of the promenade, the we had sufficient to fraternize with
and almost all ourselves at some time or twice; though
when we were once safe sit in the doors we were early paid for
the trouble. The house in itself is a grand spectacle,
particularly as it has been now fitted up for this solemn
occasion. As the palace it self was not sufficient to contain
the guests, the Prince had temporary buildings erected in the
square where the army are now to live or dine. The Prince's
palace was fitted up in the British style, and the decorations

of the table were magnificent beyond anything I ever saw.
Beside all the royal plate that the whole family could furnish,
there was the King's gold service. But it is not necessary
for me to enter into detail, you must likely hear as much about
it as report can convey to you. I could scarcely help regret-
ting whilst surveying the superb scene that at a time of such
general national distress so much should have been lavished to
so little purpose. But those who are advocates for the Prince
say that he had in view the tradespeople and manufacturers who
are employed about the Court and who have suffered much lately
in consequence of the indisposition of the King which has prevent-
ed the Court and Birthdays from being held as usual. I' suppose
of his Majesty the poor old tho' afflicted monarch is thought
to be very near the closing scene: his dissolution is looked
for every day.

My affect cousin,

HANNAH ALLEN.

London 6 month 12th 1814.

Dear Priscilla,

Wish I could go to see them now if I went to the other
end of the town yesterday and was I am gratified. I did go
and my brother Charles after he left our house yesterday met

with business which detained him in town and he went alone. We could not get into so favourable a situation as then and I had but he got into the hall. After all our trouble and toiling we had near missed it for by six o'clock guards were stationed at all the avenues to White House and the first guard had taken its stand just as we got up. So civilly about on one side to let the soldiers pass, not knowing what they were after, and by that means we lost our opportunity; when we attempted to go down the passage leading to the private door we were stopped by pointed bayonets and told they were ordered to let none pass without an express order in writing showing they had business at the house. We assured them we were going to the house on business, but they said our word alone would not authorize their suffering us to pass. At length one of them, seeing our dilemma and thinking I suppose that we had no intention to cheat or rob, told us there was another avenue he believed not yet guarded, and if we were quick we might perhaps get round that way; there may be surmise we did not want a second hint and fortunately we got there just in time. Our friend Foster (?) stationed Ben and myself in a situation which commanded the whole extent from the entrance thro' the hall, up the grand staircase to the drawing room door, and thence back to the dining room door. We took our stand about seven o'clock, and then the company began to come. First came Lord and Lady Castlereagh (?). I suppose

then inspect the ceremony at great length. In this country, the footmen of the guests announce them as they arrive to the servants stationed at the entrance door; these give the name to others stationed along the hall, up the staircase to the drawing room door, so that we heard all the names distinctly several times. Next to Lord and Lady Darnley came the Royal Duke, first Kent and Sussex, then Devon and York; then the Russian Ambassador and his Lady; then came a few of the English nobility and a long tribe of foreign generals and princes: Prince Royal of Prussia, - I suppose the King's brother; Prince of Saxe-Coburg, Prince of Saxe-Altenburg, General Skobeleff, Mecklenburg etc. etc. A little before I saw the Prince Regent, then the King of Prussia followed by his queen - very interesting people. Soon after the Prince of Orange dressed in his orange uniform, to my thinking a very pleasing mental looking young man, elegant in his form, though somewhat inclined to be picturesque. Nearly the last came the Emperor and the Duchess of Edinburgh: the Emperor and the Duchess resemble one another extremely. I think the King of Prussia a handsomer man than the Emperor, but I think the countenance of the latter more open and pleasing and there is something in his manner and appearance altogether which seems to inspire confidence. They were all dressed in full Court dress or uniform and it was curious to observe the different degrees of respect

pass by Lord Liverpool to his guests: to most of them he did not go beyond the drawing room door: the Royal ladies he received at the head of the stairs: for the Prince he went quite to the bottom of the stairs, made a very low obeisance which the Prince returned with a slight, but dignified, inclination of the head, and then proceeded him upstairs. But to receive the Emperor and the King of Prussia Lord Liverpool went to the Hall door.

There were several people of consequence waiting in the anteroom to see them pass, among the rest some of Lord Liverpool's own relations. Before dinner was announced the housemaid came and said if any lady or gentleman wished to see the dinner table they might just walk round the room if they could be very quick: accordingly we all tripped after him and a report got out it was! The riches of course were all covered so that we could not see the provisions, but such a profusion of plate, flowers, lights &c. &c. as was quite dazzling. We then returned to our stations and saw them pass in order to dinner. First came Lord Liverpool, then the King of Prussia with the Duchess of Edinburgh, then the Emperor Alexander and Lady Liverpool, then the Prince Regent and Princess Isabella's lady. What I don't know how they went for my eyes followed the first six as far as I could see them. We sat several people at their right they were at dinner by watching when the

doors were seen. At ten o'clock they went off to the Sp-ry, and then, there being nothing more to be seen, we thought so night as well get home. It was barely dark and the crowd scarcely began to collect. We went directly to Waterloo Bridge: the time served: we took a boat, rowed down to London Bridge, came down the back streets without the least solicitation and were at home by eleven. The Intermar who rowed us said the Emperor was to go down the river on several days to see the great falls, Leeds and Greenwich and that he was expected to be off the river. The Emperor is to go in the City barges.

And now dear Priscilla having nearly filled my letter I will say no more and send it off tomorrow, as by the time these reach Melbourne I may meet with some more adventures worth communicating; but I shall not be anxious to get a sight of these great falls now: having had so good a view of them it will be scarcely worth while getting into a crowd to catch a transient glance; but I can scarcely describe to thee the sensations I feel when I think of the near chance I had of missing it altogether; by being stopped by the Guards I only saved my distance by about a minute.

From thy affectionate Cousin,

HANNAH ALLEN.

New Road, 7th no. 10th 1814.

Dear Priscilla,

Just writing after I had dispatched my letter, learning
a rumor that Lord Wellington was going to the dinner to which
he was invited by the merchants at Guildhall in an open house
conducted by Blucher, I thought I should like to get a view
of him. The dinner was to be at seven so there seemed plenty
of time and the two girls and I set off. We went to a tailor's
shop at the corner of St. Paul's where we waited about half an
hour, but the crowd not collecting much, as thought we would
wait there till twelve. As we were going thence St. Paul's
Churchyard we should see but our carriage-detect:
he gave us the letter and would have us go into a pastrycook's
shop where he treated us very gentlemanly and then escorted us
into St. Paul's churchyard (within the rails) where we could
see without being inconvenienced from the crowd: We had before
made an attempt to get within; but they would not open the gates
under silence notice, and before we got out, thinking we might
perhaps get into some little press, we had taken out our purses
and watches and forgot to put some small change in our pockets
so that we had not silence money. I confess I felt some-
what ashamed in applying to John to lend us 1/6, especially

* John Walker, later married Maria Knight sister of Priscilla.

after he had treated us so cavalierly at the poetry walks;
but there was no alternative between that and nothing.
However, I no longer mind the low state of my pocket then
with utmost good humour he took us round and flashed us in,
but as he could not stop, he left us and soon after he was gone
Wellington and Blucher came by in a closed carriage; they drove
so fast that we could but just glimpse them; it was more the
sight of them than any satisfaction in the view

I suppose you have heard of the Emperor's visit to the
friends in Sussex. I have seen a letter which came from a
young man in the house at the time. It seems the Emperor
had several times expressed a wish to see the inside of a friend's
house and a friend at Brighton - John Gladstone - had been informed
that the Emperor would call on him in passing thro' the town:
accordingly the ladies of Glenburch and he set off on foot
from the inn early; but their persons were soon recognised,
and then the usual clamour began and they were obliged to run
back to the inn as fast as they could for shelter and of course,
as they thought, give up their project. But as they were pro-
ceeding this farmhouse, which was a house quite by itself, by the
road, the ladies saw there were some other friends at the
window and found the Emperor was looking at a map. He
immediately cried out to the postillion to stop, jumped out and
said he had often wished to see the inside of a soldier's house

the messenger says firm-house, but this young man heard him say master, right he go in. The master of the house came forward immediately and invited him in. He then went back for the horses and said she then alighted and took hold of the Prince's arm and the Emperor escorted his wife. They went all over the house, garden and some of the fields. They passed each place and said several times "it is very neat". They afterwards partook of a sort of cold collation and on taking leave the Emperor blessed the women and the Emperor saluted them with a kiss, that is just touched their cheeks. Moreover the Emperor said on going "Remember me to your brethren; that is I mean your friends in general, tell them I shall often think of them and I hope they will do the same by me. The name of the friend is Nathaniel Hickman: his wife is a first cousin of my mother: her name was Robinson before her marriage: I know them very well: she is a very pretty young woman and used to be reckoned the loveliest beauty. They are a very respectable family, residing on the gentral and it is well as suitable a house as the Emperor could have come to. Some of the Prince's servants who were with them told some of the household but there were thousands who could give hundreds of pounds for the honor they had had done them.

London 4th mo. 22. 1815.

My dear Priscilla,

..... I have said through some three times; that will give me credit for perseverance. I think him the best historian we have, and perhaps in artial, excepting when the Stuart family is concerned; and there it is evident that he is strongly biased. He is said to possess a childish fancy for kings and royalty, and in religious matters an all unshaking subtilty, which are considered great faults in a work of that description. He was a Scotchman and I suppose from his boyhood has imbibed all the prejudices of his countrymen in favour of their darling queen. I know not how else to account for the favourable point of view in which he endeavours to place her glaring vices. I think we are much in want of a good history of England. You will perceive quite as much undue bias in favour of Charles.

However hast thou seen Lord Byron's stanzas on the Prince Regent causing a tomb to be ordered which contained the bones of Henry 6th and Charles I to make a vault for his family? I think these must be the libellous stanzas which gave so much offence, and for which he was obliged for a time to get out of the way

Thy affectionate cousin,

WILLIAM ALLAN.

London 7th mo. 14th 1816.

My dear Priscilla,

.....

Our cousins on the Continent I hear are getting on comfortably: a letter was received from them yesterday dated 10th inst., which gave a very agreeable account - that is I mean that they were all well and had met with no unpleasant occurrences.

Miss Fanny went across to Calais with them. They had rather a long passage, ten hours; all the family very sick excepting Maria Willm. I have read "Christabelle", the

poem if I mistake not, from which the author (I cannot just now call to mind his name) pretends that Scott derived his "Lay".

But unless he had been kind enough to tell the world so, I think scarcely an individual would have discovered the resemblance. For my part I could not discover any trace of even a foundation for the "Lay" - though I read it over a second time for the exclusive purpose of endeavouring to find at least some cause for such an assertion (nothing else I am sure could have induced me to give it a second reading) I call it a piece of barefaced effrontery of the author to make the assertion he did; but perhaps others may perceive a resemblance that I do not, if they have read it I should like thy opinion of it.

..... But thou canst give any account of the new appearance lately discovered in the sky, supposed to be some planetary or

at least appears badly, fallen into it. I suppose
before this you have heard that the wedding day is fixed for
next 5th day week. Charles intended giving notice of it last
week to his relations. I don't know whether he did or not -
that is I mean to Uncle and Aunt. I shall be heartily glad
when the bustle is all over! I do not yet know whether they
will take a journey or not: but if they do, it will not be just
at present. I hear the postman at a distance as must conclude.

....

Thy affectionate cousin,

Hannah Allen.

New Road, 2nd no. 27th 1818.

Dear Fricilla,

..... I have been diligent in enquiring
at several libraries since I received thy determination res-
pecting "Rob Roy"; but he is in such constant request that there
is no catching a glimpse of him. A few days ago a gentleman
and myself entered a library together. He brushed before me
and I saw not aware it was of consequence to make a push to let
him pass as he seemed in a haste. We asked for "Rob Roy" it
was handed to him and I had the mortification of seeing him

after wedding of her brother Charles Allen to Elizabeth Harris:
see page

much off with it. I am then sorry to suppose not a little vexed at missing him so suddenly. "The vibrations of the pendulum" would have saved it; however it can't be helped. At one library where I have books occasionally the man has my name down and has promised to reserve it: whether he will or not I cannot say. I mean to acquire fully and as soon as ever I get it will forward it per coach

I have seen Deane's discourse, but have not read them, and from the little I did see I think it is a book that will require to be read with considerable attention. But thou seen the life of William Ditcher of Landaff. I understood it has been considered dangerous and has been brought up. I am surprised at it for I thought he was always considered as remarkably orthodox: he wrote a very able reply to Prince's "Age of Reason". "The Day" is this moment come in, so I must give over to get introduced to him. We have just got three' nearly one volume of "The Day" but have not seen enough to pronounce any kind of judgment on the work, or even to discover the drift of the author. One thing however we may perceive I think even in this early stage - that it is the work of a master hand.

My dear cousin Mr. Miller is bringing his^d own up quite a number. I understand the poor little chicken was almost in cold water almost as soon as it was born, and that it is regularly a William Miller P. O. O., N. S. 1817-1870.

dipped every day and the whole of its management and treatment is on that plan

Thy affectionate Cousin,

HANNAH ALLEN.

HANNAH ALLEN set 32 to her Cousin Priscilla Knight.

London, Seventh day (1816)

Dear Priscilla,

..... I received thine the other day. Our Bible Meeting was but a stupid one; if Hughes had not been there we should have had no good speaker and even he was not himself. I believe he was labouring under indisposition. The Duke of Kent was in the Chair, which, independent of the cause for which we met and which I hope will always operate so as to keep our better feelings alive, was the only thing which gave interest to the meeting.

We are glad to hear that you have taken up Maria's case in earnest: if it should be thought necessary to consult a physician we shall be pleased to accommodate her and Aunt whilst they are in town.

Did we send Eliza word the week before last that

Uncle Wm. Marsh and his son Josiah who were down in Kent on business took a trip over to France - or was it after she left? However they did cross from Dover to Boulogne, accompanied by a small party of Kentish Friends and cousins. When they approached the French coast, the Women as usual flocked round the vessel to take them on shore. One woman came up, looked at Uncle William, shook her head and went away. Another came and went, then a third. At length three of the women, after consulting together, came forward and offered, one to take his legs, the other two to support his body. He felt some little reluctance to setting forward in this style, expecting as Sterne makes his French Barber say about his wig, an immersion in the ocean. However there was no alternative, so he was obliged to submit and being disposed to make merry with the situation, he amused himself with joking the women and chucking them under the chin. This so amused them and their companions that he pretty soon had the whole clan, amounting to above a hundred, round him. Josiah, who had been snatched up and carried ashore among the first, seeing his father approach at a distance with all this crowd and bustle, became alarmed, and thought some serious accident had befallen his father and with the remainder of the spectators on land, advanced to meet the coming tribe, and see what it could all mean: however they were

pretty soon convinced that it was a comic not a tragic scene, and Uncle Wm. was landed amid the grinning and hilarity of the Gallic throng who I should think must be ready to conclude that John Bull himself was coming among them in propria persona.

Thy affectionate cousin,

HANNAH ALLEN.

